

BENJAMIN BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL
BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

The **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone



People Are Important—*Ruth C. McDowell*

We Gave God's Share First—*Rosemary Lancaster*

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The **H** Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

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Important Persons

One glance at the red letters of the month of February and we are reminded of some of the most important persons in the history of the United States. It is appropriate that yearly we acknowledge with gratitude the contribution they have made.

Great persons usually say humbly that they would not have accomplished as much, if it had not been for the influence of some person in their life. Many times the ordinary, day-to-day sort of person is the one who inspires greatness in others. Ruth McDowell is especially appreciative of important unknown persons in her article, "People Are Important."

What shall we pledge to the church budget this year? In the light of increased needs in the church's budget can we increase our giving? Rosemary Lancaster tells how her family solve the problem through giving God's share first.

"No Longer Strangers" suggests the ideal for parents and teen-agers in their relationships with each other. How is it possible for persons who live under the same roof to drift so far apart in understanding one another? There are underlying reasons and suggestive answers pointed up by the author, Robert A. Elfers.

Arthur B. Jeffries in the article, "Join in the Hymns," shows the beneficial aspects of singing. Physically, digestion is aided. Vibration of the facial structures has a helpful effect upon the nose, sinus, ears, and eyes. Did you know that singing could do this much and more for you physically? Read the article to find out, also, the mental and spiritual benefits. When Sunday comes, certainly, your family will be singing with the congregation!

It's amazing how many things we buy that we don't really need. Have you been "taken in" lately and wondered why? Hidden persuaders come to light in the article for parents' study groups, "How Susceptible Are We?" by Frances Dunlap Heron.

"When Working Wives Return to the Fold" by Dorothy Gray Smith is an interesting account of how three young wives found ways of overcoming the well-known doldrums of keeping house. The article may be of some help for you and your family, if boredom has begun to creep in, deadening daily living.

Coming Next Month: Grace in Marriage; I've Stopped Taking My Family to Church; The Question of College; and others.

Till then,

E. C.

Increasingly church budgets are being raised to undertake building projects or to increase the effectiveness of the current program. As a result, families are faced with the concern for increasing their giving. If this is your problem, the following article of how one family found ways to augment their giving may be of invaluable help to you.

WE GAVE GOD'S SHARE FIRST

by Rosemary Lancaster

Pledge Sunday was but a few Sundays away and my husband and I had given it little consideration until now. We had become proud of our church over the last year; thought there was real progress being made. The congregation was at last seeing the need for taking care of some major repairs on the church that had been too long neglected. The people were coming aware of the value of increasing the minister's salary consistently each year, if we wanted to keep a good man. The people of the church somehow seemed friendlier and more eager to do things than ever before. Our Sunday school had been expanding and new departments were being developed. All of these things, though good, took additional funds.

The official board very boldly submitted a budget more than double the previous year's. We had barely managed to subscribe last year's. How could we possibly hope to meet the new budget. Certainly our membership had not enlarged that much, although our attendance had increased considerably. Some of the "big givers" of the church would probably boost their pledges substantially, and this would certainly help, but we couldn't possibly expect them to do it all. It was going to depend upon many, many, little givers doubling or tripling their giving. Would the people do it?

We asked ourselves, being one of the little givers, what we were personally going to do about it? Could we double ours or even raise it? Had we not had trouble before just keeping up with our pledge, and sometimes found ourselves behind in payments? Had not our living expenses in the last year increased tremendously due to our buying and remodeling an

old house, and having an addition to the family? All this, with no raise in pay.

We had used what little savings we had on the major remodeling jobs. Somehow there seemed to be minor necessities each month that had to be bought, which we hadn't counted on, if we wanted to go on with the major repairs.

We began to live from payday to payday. We paid as many bills as we possibly could, cut our living expenses to a bare minimum, and pinched pennies 'til another payday! Money was no longer fun, but a burden. We just couldn't seem to enjoy it.

Being downright practical about it, my husband totaled our expenses for the year to come, and although our financial burden would become somewhat lighter, in view of the budget we just couldn't see how we could raise our pledge to any great degree.

Being the optimistic person that I am, I was just daring enough to want to try something different. "Let's take a percentage of our total income," I said. "Take it out of our pay check *first*, and then by faith alone let God direct us in the wise spending of the rest of the money!" The idea excited me and I was eager to jump feet first. However, I met a stumbling block—my husband is not of my same nature!

He could not possibly see where we would dare pledge 10 per cent or even 5 per cent of our income. (Of course, I couldn't either, but sometimes it's more convenient not to have eyes!) My husband is the type that is always eager to spend money we have but he would get stomach ulcers if we went in "over our heads." Johnny was very willing to boost our pledge the little our budget said we could, and he



Eva Luoma Photos

How much can we raise our giving to the church? The totaling of the coming year's known expenses did not present a solution to this families' dilemma.

definitely thought we should give our church money first, instead of trying to squeeze it out of what was left. Yet, I was willing to give abundantly to God and he wasn't. I was miserable for days.

I had to stop and realize I could not decide for both of us. Johnny was a human being and we had hit upon a marriage problem as well as a church problem. It wasn't that I wanted to put ourselves in debt over something we didn't actually *have* to pay, I was truly convinced the additional money would come from some unforeseen source. I felt that by putting our trust first in God we would actually do better financially than we had previously. I couldn't see how we could be any *worse* off. We had always had such a struggle the way we had been doing. It was time to try some new tactics.

With my determination I knew my plotting mind would come up with some "ingenious" idea. Sure enough we hit upon a satisfying compromise. I was willing to give because I thought we would have that much of an increase in our present income, whereas Johnny could not possibly see where we could have coming in any additional amount. In view of this, we decided to pledge according to our present budget. Since Johnny didn't think we were going to make any additional money, he was perfectly willing to give over and above our pledge 50 per cent of any surplus income we should make. This meant that we would actually end up giving what I wanted to pledge, if we made the extra I thought we would, and Johnny would be all in favor of it if we actually made more money.

Our pledge card was signed and everyone was happy. June was presently upon us. We had our

new set of church envelopes and I was eager to get started. The first week my husband was asked to help a friend out with some work on Saturday for which he got paid \$15.00. Fifty per cent equalled \$7.50 for God! That certainly wasn't chicken feed in addition to our regular pledge. We were off to a good start! In the weeks that followed Johnny continued to work in his spare time for this same friend. As if this wasn't enough another friend asked for some help. Meanwhile, we gave increasingly to our church!

By the time fall came, Johnny got his long-awaited raise—not the usual 5¢ an hour, but 15¢! Fifty per cent of \$6.00 added \$3.00 to our church giving per week. Johnny was beginning to wonder if I was psychic, but I assured him it was faith alone! We began to see what a big portion of our income was going to church. Then came the final blow.

Johnny very sheepishly told me at the dinner table one night that they were going to start working overtime (time and a half), not just Saturday morning, but also two nights a week. That meant at least an extra \$100 a month. Fifty per cent equalled \$50.00 extra for the church! This was too much.

Both my husband and I had secretly begun to question the large proportion of money we were "dedicating" to God. We were actually coming to resent it. I had always had the firm belief that "God loves a cheerful giver" and that one should never give at the point of it "hurting." Now here I was thinking of all the things our family could do with the extra money we were making. However, when we were giving half of it to church and charity first, there wasn't too much left. Our cost of living increased simultaneously with Johnny's overtime. For example, we had to pay to have some things done that Johnny would have fixed himself had he had time, and we had to allow substantially more for babysitters.

However, we didn't become actively concerned until our 1941 Oldsmobile was hit in the rear and the estimate for repairs was far beyond the cost of the car. There were no if's or and's about it—we had to have a new car! Our ambition was not to own a NEW car, just a good, dependable used car. Needless to say we could pay off a \$500-car very quickly (and this is the only way my husband will go in debt—long-range payment is not for us!) if we could pay all the overtime on it. Johnny admitted later he felt as though he was giving our "new" car to the church. Yet, he had made a bargain and was determined to stick by it.

Since our minister had known of our bargain and was interested in its outcome, I decided to talk over our expenditures with him. I thought it best to let him know of our real feelings toward it and see if he had any suggestions. Again it was brought home to me that sometimes the things you worry about the most are readily solved if one is willing to examine the situation closely, and seek outside help when needed.

Our minister assured us quickly that under new circumstances

How one family finds ways to increase its pledge to the church.

Under circumstances perhaps it was time we revised our system of giving. He confirmed my belief that one would not have to begrudge the money given, and God was as eager for us as we were that we should have a new car. Needless to say, we were both at the point where we were more than willing to give our original planned amount and would do it gladly—but, was this backing down on God? Were we not willing to stick by our original bargain? Were we only willing to pledge money we didn't have or hope to make?

These questions can probably never be answered completely. All we can say is we did revise our giving on a percentage basis. To be specific, we estimated our giving at 10 per cent of our take home pay. This included all church and charity giving. We allotted 5 per cent strictly for our church pledge including benevolence, 1 per cent for Sunday school and extra collections, and 2 per cent for charity giving.

Now you may question where the other 2 per cent goes, and I cannot be sure that this much additional positively goes to true giving. We actually budget only the 8 per cent to know exactly where it goes, but we assume that we give an extra 2 per cent out of our own money in one way or another. We buy tickets for charity affairs, go to dinners, and do some entertaining we never expect to have repaid. In our eyes this is all a part of God's work and we feel He is glad to have a hand in financing it. We may be under false illusions on this score, but at the present we are satisfied in our own minds.

We have followed this plan for over eight months and nothing has given us so much satisfaction. The first thing we do in budgeting our pay check is to set aside God's 8 per cent. It makes giving a pleasure and there is always money available for worthy causes. It is funny how you can be so smug about giving so little (as we were in years preceding) and become so humble about giving substantially more.

Odd as it may seem, as we increased our giving we seemed to have more money for ourselves. We had our 1952 Studebaker paid off in record time. To contrast with the fact that we hadn't had an extra \$10.00 for anything for so long, we suddenly paid for a new maple dining room table, an easy chair; painted and papered two rooms; and even had open house for all our friends.

Other material possessions became ours with much less fretting than we anticipated. Sometimes we struggle too hard to figure out how we can manage some big purchase, when we might save ourselves the worry and actually let God carry more of the load. This happened in numerous instances, but to cite a few: My husband bought an excellent used televi-

sion set for \$30.00; then we learned my folks had planned on buying us one, but instead, they paid for our outside house paint. I picked up a wonderful snow suit for one of the children for \$8.00 at a white elephant sale. I learned to accept other people's gifts more cheerfully, becoming aware of how much joy it gave to the giver. Then, too, it seemed like we had minor savings every time we turned around, such as finding we had overpaid our charge account, which all added up to a worthwhile sum. One of the most interesting though, was our income tax refund of \$40.00 solely because of our extra giving. I must also add we received another raise unexpectedly this spring of 11¢ an hour!

All this writing was prompted since last Sunday was pledge Sunday in our church for a new year. When I asked Johnny what we wanted to pledge, he said, "The money's there isn't it!" We finally pledged what we had come around to giving. And we looked forward to a new year of seeing our church and God's work prosper.



Religious News Service Photo

The minister proved to be a helpful counselor when the time came for adjustments in the original pledge. If one did not continue to give the original planned pledge, was this backing down on God?

A Mother Looks a

by Marion Allison



Religious News Service Photo

To young children the color of a person's skin is no more remarkable than the color of the eyes. The community playground, library and park are quite frequently the children's meeting place where many happy hours of playing together are spent.

A transplanted Southerner live in Idaho, one of the great Northwestern states, where a mingling of races and nationalities being accomplished without fuss and fanfare. To assert that the freedom and generosity associated with the wide-open-spaces is responsible for this welding would be a misstatement. It is more accurate to say that this integration is the result of a status quo that was, from the beginning, a natural consequence of the westward movement. Though lately come to this area, I surmise that the mingling of races which began in the rough and hardy atmosphere of frontier society has carried over to the present day.

Because succeeding generations accepted the situation, the uneasy by-products of discrimination were less marked. True, there were and probably are records of occasional injustices toward those of other colors than white but the specter of racism has not been a Sword of Damocles to the people of this state.

When an offer of a school teaching position lured me to the West in the mid-thirties, my father's parting query posed more than parental concern for the adjustment I would make to life in another part of the country. "What will you do when you face Negroes in the classroom for the first time?"

For a Southerner, the color bar meant the black and white question; and he knew well that I had never experienced interracial mingling. I did not try to answer him. Rather, like Scarlet O'Hara, I preferred "to think about it tomorrow."

In the small, south-central Idaho town to which I was assigned there were no Negroes; but in my class I met many first-generation Japanese, Mexicans, Chinese, Basques and others whose mixtures included Indian, white, and Japanese.

INTEGRATION

ese or Chinese. These racial and nationality groups were accepted and were as much a part of all student activities as those whose family trees went far back into American history. With the admixture of colors we knew the mingling of recent immigrant strains as in the daughter of the German Hussar colonel, the Czechs, Bohemians, and Swedes. Some discrimination seemed to exist toward those with mixed forebears, but the feeling evolved more from suspicion of instability rather than color.

Intermarriage of the races seldom occurred, yet, while holding to a racial purity of blood, these many-hued people were thoroughly community-conscious in all other respects. They joined the same clubs, attended the same churches, built their homes side by side; their lands joined those of the so-

called superior whites. One strict Buddhist of Japanese origin, who had no local temple of his own faith, gave large sums to help in building a new Baptist Church because he desired for his neighbors a spiritual haven.

Occasionally I read of restricted housing zones in coastal towns; but in the inter-mountain region that I call home there has been no such bar. So far as schooling is concerned, integration has always been accepted.

Since coming to Idaho twenty years ago, I have watched the steady progress of the minority groups and the absence of bickering among the races. One of the dearest friends I have is a China-born lady with whom I shared room duties. Though she could neither read nor write English, my friend was a tower of support for all school functions and one of the

most likable persons I have ever known anywhere. She brought calm and graciousness into the disorder that we native-born Americans created in the kitchen. She taught us the true meaning of courtesy and kindness.

When my older son entered school, I observed some Negro pupils in his room. Day after day I waited for his reaction—I, who knew so well the barriers of race in other parts of the country. Would he show surprise, aversion, bigotry? At last, prompted both by curiosity and memories of my own childhood, I asked, "Don't you have a Negro or two in your room?" He appeared not to hear me. Again I stated the question, as a baffling play went on in his face. When I added a verbal description, he smiled winningly.

"Oh! You mean Wanda and Jean—the girls who have real-l-l black hair." To him, the color of skin was no more remarkable than the comment of a friend about his own brown eyes and tanned skin.

Thoroughly ashamed for having doubted his complete impartiality, I murmured some inconsequential inanity; and the subject has never been brought up since that time.

In our city the highest honor a high-school girl can receive is to be named May Queen. The coveted role is one for which girls eagerly yearn nominations and votings are spirited, and the outcome is a tribute to democracy in action. Recently the honored queen was a beautiful Chinese-American girl; later, her brother was a candidate for a similar masculine honor. In a nearby town a Nisei-Japanese girl was chosen Queen of the May.

It is not unusual for us to number a sampling of many races and nationalities in the children playing on the lawn. Often we mark with surprise the enviable position of the foreign-born. There is

(Continued on page 30)



Louise Price Bell

"I shall know but one country. The ends I aim at shall be my country's, my God's, and Truth's . . . I will live an American I shall die an American."—Daniel Webster.

PEOPLE ARE IMPORTANT

by Ruth C. McDowell

People are important!

"Of course people are important," you say. "How obvious that is! I can't imagine the world without people! What would things be like without them? There would be nothing."

Of course. But—how often do we stop to think that *all* people in the world are important? That we all are created equal by God, and all are loved equally by him? How often do we *act* as though all people are important?

Important people are not only the rich, the famous, the great statesmen and diplomats, the people we read about in the daily papers. The ordinary, day-to-day sort of people—people like you and me and your next-door neighbor—also are important. Not only all of us, but also the poor beggar boy in Hong Kong; the village woman in India; the war orphan in France; the crippled veteran in Korea. Each is an individual. Each is as important to himself as you are to you. Each has hopes, fears, desires. Each is important to God.

Certainly the great people in America's past, the people whose names are familiar to us all, were vastly important in shaping our American heritage of freedom. But have you ever stopped to think of all the unknown ordinary people who throughout the years did their part to make us what we are today? There are all the unknown women and children of the American Revolution who willingly went hungry while the British blockaded the ports. There are all the unknown women who encouraged their men to fight the vast British army. There are all the unknown men who weathered that awful winter of 1777 with George Washington at Valley Forge. There are all the other unsung and unnamed express riders who roused patriots as did Paul Revere. There are many unknown people all along the underground railway in the Civil War who risked their lives to shelter runaway slaves. No one ever will know the names and deeds of these thousands of people. Our debt to them is as great as to any of the known persons in our history. This is what the Quakers call "divine ordinariness"; the wisdom and strength which we all—ordinary people—can show in meeting the challenges of our times.

Too often in our busyness we are guilty of overlooking the important contributions of all the "little people" in our day-to-day world. In this competitive society where we often are guided by what others think of us, certain occupations have great "prestige" value. Do not we all tend to think more of the doctor,

the minister, the engineer, all the so-called professional people, than of the mailman, the milkman, the factory worker? Is not the worker who has run the machine which produced the vital serum that saved your child's life just as important as the researcher who produced it or the doctor who prescribed it? True, the machine worker did not need the specialized training and skills of the other two, but he had a vital part to do. He had to do this part carefully and accurately or the work of the others would have been valueless.

When you ride in a plane, think of all the unseen people upon whom your life depends as well as the more glamorous pilot. There are the designer and the factory workers who fabricated the plane exactly so it can stand up under the stresses of flight. There are the workers who check, service, and fuel the plane. There are the technicians who check the weather conditions, chart the route, and direct the pilot in landings and take-offs.

It is good once in a while to stop and think of all the many people who serve us. Think of those who grow, harvest, package, and sell us our food. Try to visualize those who work in factories to spin, weave, dye, cut, and sew our clothes. Imagine life without those who provide us with fuel. Many delivery men serve us daily. Policemen, firemen, telephone operators always are available. Doctors and nurses are on duty all night. In cities the street repairmen do their work at night, disrupting traffic as little as possible.

When we fully realize how much we all depend on one another, no one can feel that his occupation is more important than that of anyone else! Each worker has his own part to contribute. Everyone else depends upon him to do it, and do it well. If each of us had to depend on his own efforts, no one would have time for the other "higher" pursuits. Each would spend all his days procuring for himself and his family the necessities of life. This always has been true in any culture. It is only with specialization, where various groups of people do the necessary work for maintaining the life of all, that a group is freed to pursue science, art, and literature. Then a real civilization is born. Only when freed from tasks necessary for survival can man have time for mental and not purely physical endeavors. So each person's work helps make the world go round and we are all completely dependent upon each other.

We are all important individuals in other ways, too. "Never underestimate the power of a woman,



tribute to the unknown, unsung, and unnamed people of our world.

a famous slogan of a popular magazine. It also applicable to all persons of both sexes. Each of s has unbounded influence as a person. In each contact with others, we influence them in some way. We all are contributing constantly and importantly to the world: cheerfulness, gloom, hope, or despair. Do not ever become discouraged with your own small influence! It is profound!

In the various committees and PTA groups you

attend, have you ever had the courage to speak out in disagreement with others' opinions when you felt that they were headed in the wrong direction? And have you seen the entire group come around to your own point of view? Their final action, whether it was to give more money to a mission group or to buy books for the children's library, was different than it would have been because you were there and spoke up! Or perhaps not. Perhaps your idea was voted



Religious News Service Photo

Unsung important people include the lumbermen, factory workmen, delivery men, and a host of others. Each has his unique contribution to make. Each is depended upon to do his work and to do it well as we are all dependent upon each other.



People are important as parents. Influence in the home is translated to the child not only through teaching, but also through action—relationships with clerical and other persons encountered each day.

A. Devaney, Inc., N. Y.

down. But you contributed something. It may have been another side of the question or a boost to the chairman by furthering a weak discussion. You showed your concern by presenting your ideas to the others at the meeting.

How often have you not voted in an election, because you felt it was no use? Never forget that the final count of votes which elects a man is made up of one, and one, and one! Your vote does count, and most particularly in primaries and local contests.

Never underestimate your own power, either, as a Christian, through the world-wide Christian fellowship. Sometimes we are likely to be disheartened. We think that the picture is so discouraging! There is so much work to be done in the world, and so few Christians to do it. Yet, the total of Christian thought and giving everywhere is very great, and much good is being done. You are not alone. The women's organization in your church is not alone. We in this country are not alone. People all over the world are contributing what time and money they can. Poor Christian women in India have sacrificial meals and contribute for others just as we do. When all these small sums from all over the world are added up, the total truly is staggering.

One of the most obvious and largest influences

which any has is through being a parent. We hear and read so much about techniques and methods and try so hard for "better family living," nowadays. We can influence our children best just by being as good ourselves as we know how to be. Regardless of what methods, techniques, outwardly "correct" ways of doing things we adhere to, we cannot fool our children with a superficial show of virtue that is not really genuine.

A little girl had been put to bed but kept calling her mother back for a drink of water. The mother was "oh-so-patient" each time. Finally the child said, "Mother, why are you mad?"

"Why, what makes you think I'm mad?" asked the parent.

"Because you walk mad," the child replied.

Children learn from us constantly, and not just when we consciously try to tell or teach them something. If you are shopping and are gruff or condescending to the clerk, your child is learning from you what you really think of clerks as people. This is true of all our relationships. Children learn from us each day through everything we do and say. Let us teach ourselves—and them—that people, *all* people are important!

SCARED!

by Pearl Haley Patrick

Mis' Liz finished plaiting Elaine's pigtails with an impatient fillip. "What for you settin' thar sayin' nuttun'?" she demanded.

"I—dunno." The child faltered, lifting startled brown eyes; but she did know only she couldn't say it. She was scared. Scared of this cross old Mis' Liz come to see her off to school because Pappy went to work before she got up and Mom didn't get back from her work until past school time; scared of the constant whirl of wheels on city pavement; the whine of police cars "after" somebody; scared of the big,



"Wait! Wait!" she wailed but Mis' Liz dragged her roughly on to the curb.

"What you-all mean, yellin' 'wait'?" she demanded, "You wants us should get killed?"

Tugging desperately at the restraining hand Elaine jumped up and down, sobbing "My Billy-boy's gettin' all runned over! Bill—"

dark, rickety tenement in which they lived.

Most of all she was afraid of going to school, here. Back home she hadn't been, but there she knew the teacher who lived just a piece down the path to town. Here she'd be going to school along with white children and to a *white teacher*. Would the white teacher like her? Would the white kids tease her? She couldn't keep out of their way like always 'cause she'd be *in* there with *them*.

Yvonne, the girl next floor down, said it wasn't bad and that big girl—all of ten, anyway, from Philadelphia—said it was okay; just behave yourself and you'd get by, but even all this did not relieve Elaine's scaredness. She remembered things, like that time when she could still ride on the big bus free and Aunt Susan took her to visit Grandma. She would never forget the wonders of that trip, nor how hungry she was when they stopped for lunch and Auntie sailed right up to the counter marked COLORED, and found it closed. After all the white folks got their sandwiches and ice cream and coffee and cokes and pie, Auntie asked softly for "two sandwiches and two milks, please" but the man said, "We don't serve colored!" and slammed the door down, hard. Then the bus honked and they hurried back and went on being hungry.

What if Teacher should be like that?

Well, Elaine knew she would have to go to school, whether or no, because that was why Pappy and Mom have moved here; so she could have a chance. "'Tain't you bein' with white kids that matters," Mom said, "Far as that goes you jus' be polite and don't run after ary one of 'em. It's havin' the same teacher an' the same studies, *the same chance*, that's what matters. Your brother Booker'd been a doctor by now had he had the same chance."

Elaine knew about that. All the time Booker was in Korea he and Mom planned how he'd go to college on his GI but after he got all patched up at the hospital he didn't go. There weren't enough colored colleges, he found out. Mom hadn't cried once when he was in Korea but she cried now; right after she said couldn't he go—hitchhike, maybe—to some college up north that took in colored and Booker said no, boys from colored schools didn't pass the tests to get into that kind of school. Mom cried and Booker almost did, he wanted to be a doctor so bad.

No, Booker would never be a doctor now. Never a-tall.

He just married Clara Betty and they both go work, cleaning.

Elaine knew a lot more about a lot of things than anyone knew that she knew; from bits of talks she gleaned that colored women were afraid of white men; they had no protection they said, and though she had no idea what protection was she sensed it was something they might need desperately. Other fragments she overheard added fear of she knew no what, yet, how could she say out loud that she was afraid to go to school when Pappy and Mom had moved here just for that? And to have new clothes maybe. She remembered how long Pappy worked for that old suit of clothes of Mr. Gibbons, he was wearing now. "No more old clothes, ever, ever," they had told each other over their first paychecks and took her to the store to get all new things for school.

Today she must start to something called registration, something that seemed to come before school. Elaine couldn't say it and she didn't know what it meant, but she could think it and be all tied up in a knot inside, she was that scared. Mis' Liz put on her the bright, new clothes she would rather have put on herself. She put down the old faded clown doll Mom had tried unsuccessfully to dry clean and had had to wash. Now the stuffing was all down in his legs in lumps while his arms flopped flat and empty but Elaine loved him. "Can I take Billy-boy?"

"What?" roared Mis' Liz, "a beat-out ol' thing like that?" then as big, silent tears rolled down plump brown cheeks she said, ungraciously, "Oh, all right then!" and they started out.

Elaine knew the way and wished Mis' Liz wasn't along but down a block they had to cross a busy street without lights. While they waited with several others Mis' Liz grasped her hand tight in her hot, hard old one. Elaine's mosquito bite itched and she shifted the doll back under her elbow to free a hand to scratch it just as they started across the street with a jerk. The old doll slipped and though she squeezed with her elbow and grabbed with her hand, down fell Billy-boy.

"Wait! Wait!" she wailed but Mis' Liz dragged her roughly on to the curb.

(Continued on page 28)

What do I do now? Is my son acting this way because I have failed as a parent? What makes Dad act this way? It's no use trying to explain!



Photo by erb


NO LONGER STRANGERS

by Robert A. Elfers

Teen-agers, to look at, are not forbidding creatures. They are obviously human beings. Sometimes, when they radiate the joy and eagerness of youth, their beauty is heart-capturing.

To be the father or mother of a teen-ager, how-

ever, is to be involved in what is often the most confusing, disturbing, and painful relationship that life can hold. What can you do about a boy who would rather go to the movies by himself on Christmas Eve than to be with his family at home? What can you



Are you afraid of freedom for your teen-age son or daughter?
Do you take your teen-ager's love for granted? How can
you feel close to your maturing youngster?

NO LONGER STRANGERS

do for a disappointed girl who pretends to be sick so that she can stay home from school after she has failed to be selected for a class office? Parents who observe such behavior in their adolescent children suffer a double wounding. They are hurt because their son or daughter is hurt. They are stabbed by a conscience which demands, "Is our son acting this way because we have somehow failed as parents?"

Perhaps they decide that their failure was in lack of proper discipline. But what is proper discipline? One psychiatrist who described young people today as "a haunted and an anxious people" said that part of the reason was the general decline in parental authority and the increase in the freedom allowed teen-agers. Yet, an authority on juvenile delinquency has said that too much discipline at home can cause antisocial behavior outside the home. In one study he found that eighty per cent of the problem children investigated had parents who were strict disciplinarians.

Parental discipline is such an inscrutable problem that all sorts of advice have been offered to parents, much of it useless. Each of two published discussions of parental discipline turned to George Bernard Shaw for support. One quoted him as saying, "Anyone is better for children than their own parents." The other extracted this Shavianism from someplace, "Never strike a child except in anger." Both quotes are more pithy than pertinent. Shaw was, first, a writer, and, second, something of a gadfly who enjoyed stinging people to see if they would cry. Shaw was never an expert on family relations.

In fairness it should be pointed out that Shaw's disparaging remark about parents was quoted to illustrate an extreme position among a group of people who emphasized the importance of schools, churches, and other outside-the-home groups in molding children. The quotation is found in *Do Adolescents Need Parents?* by Katherine Whiteside Taylor, a book published by Appleton-Century twenty years ago but still a comprehensive and helpful volume. The author's view of parents is quite at odds with Shaw's. Her answer to the question in her title is, unreservedly, "Yes."

The same answer would be given by almost any thinking and serious adult. But who could be sure of the kind of an answer that would come from a teen-ager?

Some adolescents who are still closer to childhood than they are to maturity would respond affirmatively, with perhaps a show of surprise that any other kind of response was even remotely possible.

Other teen-agers, rebelling strongly against family ties, would give an explosive "No!" A third group of replies, and certainly the largest, would be phrased in such ways as:

"Well, sure adolescents need parents, but I just wish mine wouldn't try to tell me everything to do."

"I guess so. Yes, they do. But you've got to get off on your own, too."

"I'd like to say 'no,' but I can't. I like my folks; they do a lot for me. But why can't they let me do what I want to? I mean, why can't I have more freedom?"

The quest for freedom is characteristic of the teen-ager and close to the heart of the problem of relations between parents and teen-agers. Of course, it is a quest that can never be fully satisfied by any human being, no matter what his age. But there is no use philosophizing with a teen-ager about it. The quest for freedom is a natural phase of growing up that needs to be guided rather than suppressed.

Every one of us can remember the heady taste of freedom in our teen years. The thirst for it was not solely emotional, for deep within us was an intellectual conviction that freedom was right, that one needed freedom so that he could grow up, develop his own personality, cultivate his own skills, and be his own self.

Such a memory is still clear to me. It is associated with my first trip away from home alone. I was in my late teens, an only child, and I had never been on my own.

Early one morning I set out for Washington, D. C., more than 200 miles away. I was going to hitchhike, which in those post-depression days was somewhat more acceptable than it is today. My mother was going to work at the same hour, so we rode down on the bus together. And then she went out with me on the bus that would take me to the edge of the city.

There were tears in her eyes when we parted, but she didn't say anything to stop me. She knew as well as I that I had to go.

I hope that I will have the same courage to accept the need of my children for freedom. Courage is required. Let us be honest with ourselves, we are afraid of freedom for our children. It is a familiar kind of fear, for it is a fear of the unknown. We do not know what our children will do with their freedom. It is an unreasoning fear, for we do not see that our children's search for freedom offers opportunity for the development of a new relationship between them and us—a relationship that can be

ch in love, understanding, and self-realization. Our teen-agers are living between childhood and maturity. As children, they had no choice about their parents. They were born into families and were dependent upon them for love and security. Adolescence brings them to the stage where that dependence is breaking down as their personalities and bodies mature. They are finding affection elsewhere and they are learning how to take care of themselves. The great opportunity for parents at this stage is that the involuntary love of the child may become the voluntary love of the young adult, if the parents merit and earn such love.

To speak about "the voluntary love of the young adult" implies that a young person's love cannot be taken for granted. Many a self-righteous parent, estimating the monetary value of the clothing, food, shelter, schooling, and recreation that he has bestowed upon his children, thinks it inconceivable that his children might not love him. It might be just as inconceivable to them that he expects their love, if the parent has failed to demonstrate deep affection and respect for the children as individuals.

A teen-ager's discrimination in offering his affection does not mean that he needs less of it himself. To the contrary, the adolescent's particular need for security gives him a deep yearning for love. His awkwardness, his mistakes, his weaknesses, his uncertainties—all make it necessary for him to have a home where love for him is deep and unwavering. But it must be a love that is consistent with his quest for freedom. It must be a love that is changing

from, and deeper than, the protective love he knew in childhood. It is a love that can be given only as parents who understand that their roles in regard to their children must change as their children mature. The developing years of the adolescent should be developing years for his parents, too.

A parent's readiness to change, to develop, to consider new ideas, establishes a bond with his teen-agers. They see in him a person who is as alive to the times as they are. They gain new respect for a faith that guides and strengthens the parent and communicates itself to others. They have confidence that he will consider ideas they suggest. "A person who is like us in this important way," they will think, "is a person who can understand us."

A teen-ager, in his eagerness to develop, and parents who are ready to develop can become partners in many kinds of adventures in living. Experiences of learning together help both in their appreciation and respect for one another. In ways such as these, parents and teen-agers discover that they share the common identity of human beings, individuals created in God's image and worthy of respect.

With this understanding, parents and young people can work together to meet the demands that life makes upon them as a family and as individuals. Such co-operation depends on certain agreements. In family councils, all members must have a voice in the government. Individual freedom must be honored, but with the qualification that it is limited by the rights of others. In a sense, the product of all

(Continued on page 28)

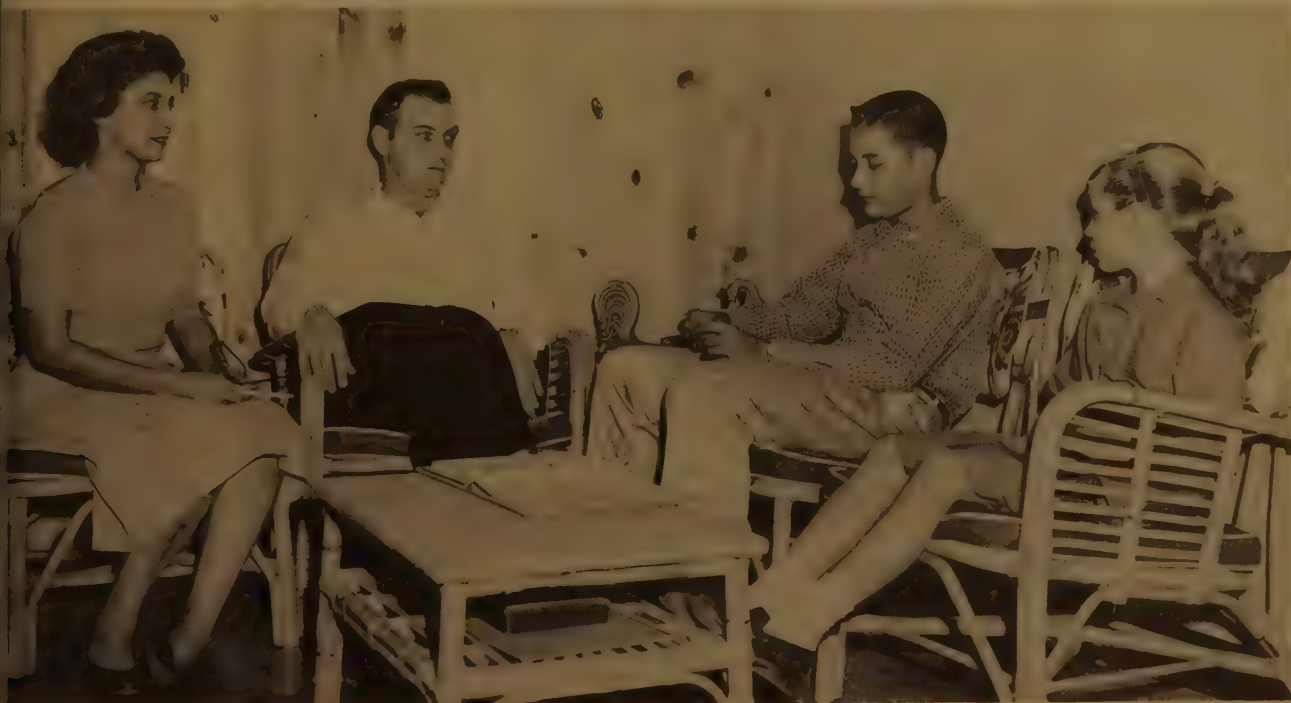


Photo by erb

The family council provides one means whereby the teen-ager and parent have opportunity to exchange ideas, to know one another, and to influence each other for the total welfare of the family.

Whether you can "carry a tune" or not . . .

For Your Own Sake,

JOIN IN THE HYMNS

by Arthur B. Jeffries

From the choir loft it has become an interesting and provocative experience to notice and study the sad faces of those in the congregation who do not join in singing the hymns! I am inclined to feel sincerely sorry for them, as they suffer their lonesome way through several verses, while others are not only enjoying the singing experience but are storing up strength, inspiration, faith, and happiness which will repay them innumerable times in future days and years. If they could only know what they are actually singing, both at the moment and for all the future!

Folks remain silent, jaws clamped and muscles dormant, for various reasons, very few of which are more than "excuses," and nearly always deceive only those who claim them as valid. Except where some rare illness or physical ailment makes it impossible or inadvisable, singing with the congregation is ALL benefit, and in an endless variety of ways. Why, then, doesn't everyone sing?

Many, perhaps through timidity or suspicion of a

poor voice, have never entered into hymn singing and at the age of maturity it would seem to be hopeless to break the inertia and dare to sing "out loud." Steeped in the habit of silence, it would be too frightening to hear one's own voice; it would be much worse than jumping into ice water!

Some folk "know" they cannot sing (though probably they have never tried!), and it would be presumptuous to join the ranks of singers—what would others think? Then there are actually a few who admittedly do not sing the right notes; some are "monotones" who tend to sing on just one pitch. To them I would ask this: "Have you ever known a song leader to request those who cannot sing well to refrain from singing?" I never have! Congregational singing is NOT designed to be a choir of selected voices, but is a means of expression for ALL the people—whether they can sing or not! The suggestions given here are for the WHOLE congregation; to everyone who comes to the service of worship to receive blessing, inspiration, relaxation, strength, or to supply any need; and who also desires to worship and praise his God. It is for singers and those who feel they cannot sing, equally!

In group hymn singing there is an immediate physical benefit. The mild action induced in the diaphragm and all related breathing muscles has the most beneficial effect upon digestion, cleansing of the lungs, nourishment to the blood stream and general toning-up of the whole abdominal system. The same action is further augmented by vibration in the throat (the vocal cords), passing along a type of stimulating vibration to the neck, head, and facial structures. It has a helpful effect upon the nose, the sinus, the ears and eyes. It tends to soothe and stimulate proper functioning of all areas near the throat. It is often actually better than medicine and has frequently been recommended by physicians, to my personal knowledge. The one who sings is thereby both relaxed and yet energized, ready and properly prepared to receive and enjoy whatever follows the hymn. I would dare anyone to try the experiment and see how true it is!

This physical benefit is never lost of course, but adds its share to permanent physical improvement. It thereby pays off today, and continues its effects for the future.

Mentally there is a similar relaxation plus re-energizing. Can one worry about outside problems, fret over fear or dread the hard experiences of everyday life while vigorously and intently singing a church hymn? No. There is a positive change of direction; the mind becomes absorbed with a new, a better, more uplifting theme, not just as an auditor, but by actual personal, do-it-yourself experience. Immediately after singing a hymn the mind finds itself on a new course, an upward trend of thought, discouragement and fear being lessened, and inspiration and hope increased.

Spiritually the benefits cannot be fathomed; they are deep and permanent. Spiritual benefits carry over, later, into both mental and physical spheres. But first, let us discover WHY group hymn singing



Eva Luoma Photos

Our author makes the point clear that congregational singing is not designed to be a choir of selected voices, but is a means of expression for all persons present. Thus all members of the family are encouraged to sing with the congregation.


as such tremendous spiritual blessings, surpassing in many ways any and every other form or experience in the service of worship.

We learn by seeing, by hearing, by doing, and by having our emotions as well as our intellects aroused and impressed. It is well known that reading and memorizing scriptural verses has at times wrought wonders for those who desperately needed such help. When those same vital words are tied closely to a tune (a hymn) they come to the forefront of the mind and heart much faster and much stronger. Words plus the tune form a combination which the memory never loses, and which are very readily recalled to mind. There have been specific and powerful examples of this phenomenon within my own life and experience, where ONLY a hymn (coming promptly and unexpectedly to mind) has saved one from a drastic or defeatist act or decision. A close friend of mine had reached a point of discouragement wherein the thought of suicide was becoming his daily consideration. Efforts to call up known sources of strength had failed to impress him; discussions with excellent advisers, reading and recalling scriptural verses all had lacked sufficient power. Toward the expected end of his hope, he awoke one morning with a hymn pressing itself relentlessly against his

mind. No matter what he did that day, the tune and words kept returning, bringing a vital message of faith and courage. The next morning a different hymn started its theme as soon as he stepped out of his bed. The third day, yet another. Finally he realized that this actually WAS the Voice of God speaking to him, and REACHING him as nothing else had. His resistance broke; he fell into tears and surrendered himself to the God who had inspired these wonderful hymns. Undoubtedly similar instances of help have occurred throughout the Christian world many times, and those who have experienced it cannot describe the power and resistless strength which comes through this channel.

There are hymns for every occasion. The wise person will store them up for whatever need they someday will supply. Those who sing should do so vigorously, with deep sincerity, adopting the words, the message, to personal possession. The tune is the vehicle which carries the message—even hearing someone whistle a familiar hymn has often brought a message to someone who needed it.

There is SO much to be gained by singing the hymns of the church with the congregation, I am truly sorry for those who stand with sad faces, refusing to enjoy the benefits.



Here's a toy for baby,
Tick! Tick! Tock!
Can you guess what it is?
A watch or clock?

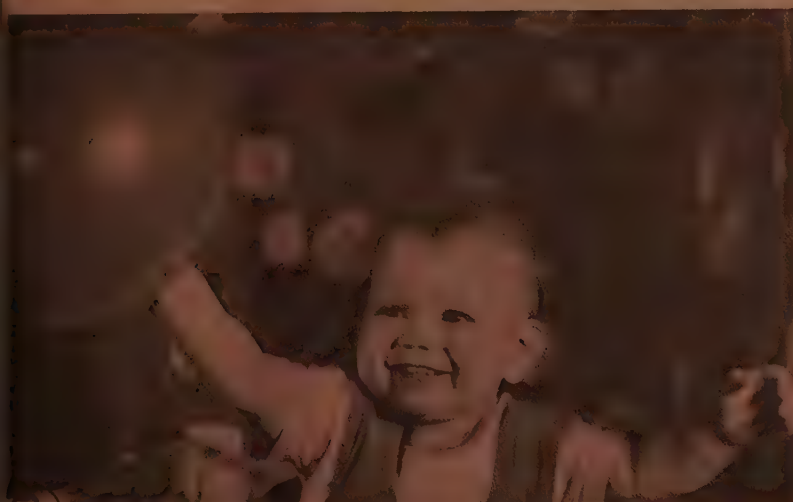
FOR BABY

by Doris
Clore Demaree

Photos by Herta Newton, Public Picture Service



Baby points his finger—
Way up high!
Wonder what he sees there?
A butterfly?



Here's a ball for baby—
Floating near.
Oh, what fun he's having—
Such a dear!



Now the ball is floating
Far away.
Baby's not so happy—
Spoiled his day!

Worship in the Family with Children

To Use with Younger Children

Bird in the Snow

The snow was very deep. Every shrub and tree was covered.

"I want to go outside and play, Mother," Debbie said.

"All right," Mother answered. "Get your snow suit and boots. You will need them to keep warm and dry."

Debbie hurried to get on her snow suit and boots. Then she went outside. The sun was shining, but the snow was cold. She made snowballs. She built a snow man. Then she saw a bluejay. He flew from a tree branch to the porch. He could not find berries or seeds to eat.

"Mother," Debbie called. The bluejay flew back to the tree. "Mother, come see the bird!"

Mother came to the door. "What is it?" she asked.

"Mother, look at the bird. He flew to the porch once."

"I think he is hungry," Mother said. "I will get you some bread. Then you can feed him."

Mother hurried into the house. She got a crust of bread. She brought it to Debbie.

"Sit here and be very still," Mother said. "If you hold the bread, he may come and eat."

Debbie squatted on her heels in the snow. She held out a small piece of bread. The bluejay hopped around on the tree branch. He got nearer and nearer to the house. Then he flew to the edge of the porch. Debbie sat still.

"Come, little birdie," she said softly, "come and eat."

At her words, the bluejay flew back to the tree. He hopped back and forth, then flew back to the edge of the porch. This time,

Debbie kept still. Slowly the bird hopped nearer and nearer. At last he began to eat the bread. Then he flew back to the tree.

Mother came out onto the porch. "He will come back," she said. "When you feed birds in winter, you are working for God. He plans for birds to find their own food, but, when they can't, he expects people to help them."

Debbie nodded. "I'm glad," she said.

David W. Corson from A. Devaney



Theme for February:

People Are Important

A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of the materials fit into the meditations in that booklet.

To Use with Older Children

People Who Are Dependable

Look at the picture on this page. It looks cold, does it not? Look at the snowdrift on the top of the mailbox. Look at it piled along the road. Look at it on the sled. Look at it on the boy's clothes.

If you look closely, you can see that it still was snowing when the picture was taken.

Since this was such a bad day, why do you suppose the boy had ventured out of the house? What good would it do to mail a letter in a box already covered with so much snow?

Suppose you make up a story about this picture. Stop now and do it before you read the one that is printed here. After you have made up your own story, read this one. Then ask yourself if you are as dependable as the boy in this picture.



Mother was sick. Before Daddy went to work he said, "Jim, Mrs. Davis will be here to take care of Mother. I've written to Grandmother to see if she can come and stay with us as long as Mother is sick. Can I depend on you to mail the letter after school?"

Jim was worried about Mother. He wanted to do something to help, so he quickly said, "Sure, Dad!"

When Mrs. Davis came, Jim went to school. Then it began to snow. It snowed all day—harder and harder. When school was out, Jim had a hard time getting home through the deep drifts. His clothes were wet. His feet were wet. How good the warm house felt! He changed his clothes. He sat down before the fire. Then he remembered his promise. He got his warm heavy coat. He put on his boots. He got his sled out of the garage.

The sled helped some. It still was hard work going through the deep snow, but at last he reached



Harold Lindner from A. Devaney

the box on the corner. He stood on his sled and dropped the letter into the box. He was cold, but he felt good!

"If we can depend on the mailman to pick up and deliver mail, I guess I can be depended upon to drop a letter in the box," he thought to himself.

A verse kept going through Jim's mind. "We are fellow workmen for God." That was it!

Being dependable was one way to work for God!

When Dad got home he asked, "Did you mail the letter?"

"Sure," Jim said with a smile.

Dad smiled, too. "Good boy!" he said. "Dependable people make life easier. That's one reason why people are important. It is part of God's plan. I'm glad I can depend on you!"

Jim was glad, too!

For Family Worship

For Work and Workers

The world is so busy,
There's so much to do
To make us all happy,
And keep us well, too!

The postmen and milkmen
Who come every day;
The other good workers
Who come when we say;

The butchers and bakers
And circus men gay;
The builders and painters
(There's quite an array!)

The policemen and teachers
Whom children obey;
The doctors and dentists
All work their own way.

Dear God, for these workers
And for work that they do,
I'm glad; and I thank you
For all of them, too!

—Jessie B. Carlson

Bedtime

Thank you, God, for Daddy's arms
That hold me snug and tight.
Thank you, too, for Mother's lips
That sweetly kiss goodnight.

—Claire Saalbach

Worship Center: If your family uses a worship center to help to create a mood of worship in your home, you may use on it the open Bible and a picture of people to suggest the theme. A picture of your own family would be appropriate.

Call to Worship: We are fellow workmen for God.

—1 Corinthians 3:9.

Song: Use the song printed on this page or choose one of the following: "A Happy Day," primary pupil's book, year one, winter quarter, page 35; "My Friends," primary pupil's book, year one, summer, page 19; "My Work," primary pupil's book, year two, fall, page 20.

Poem: Use one of the poems printed on this page or choose from the following: primary pupil's book, year one, fall, "No-

body Is Too Young," page 11; "One Way to Help," page 16; "We Thank Thee, Father," page 31; "My Friends," primary pupil's book, year three, summer, page 42.

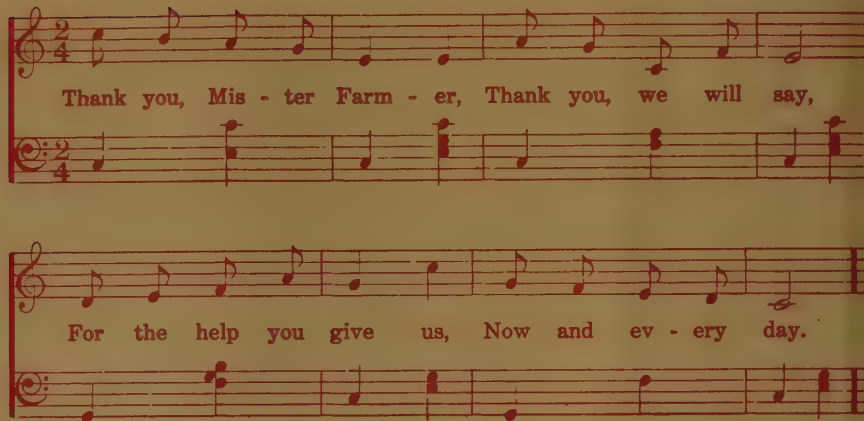
Meditation: Plan your own meditation based upon the "Call to Worship" or upon your favorite passage of scripture, or use one of the following: from the primary pupil's book, year one, summer, "Who Are Our Neighbors?" page 17; "Stories of Bible Children," page 34; "Why There Are Churches," primary pupil's book, year three, fall, page 3; "You Have a Part," junior pupil's book, year one, summer, page 12.

Song: Choose another song from the list suggested earlier.

Story: Choose from the following: "Helpers in a Long-Ago Church," primary pupil's book,

THANK YOU, MISTER FARMER¹

Words and music by Esther Mundhenke



Thank You, Father

Thank you, Father, for this food
That shows your loving care,
And for the many helpful hands
That all our food prepares;
And now with those who have far
less
Show us how to share. Amen.

—Margaret Clemens McDowell²

²From *Story World*. Copyright, 1954, The American Baptist Publication Society. Used by permission.

A Prayer

Dear Father, Fluffy takes such good care of her kittens. She feeds them and keeps them clean. Thank you for helping Fluffy to know how to care for her babies. Thank you for fathers and mothers who care for children. Amen.

—Frances Bourne Taft

¹From *Home and Church Songs*. Copyright, 1958, Christian Board of Publication. Used by permission.

year one, fall, page 7; "The Story Without an End," primary pupil's book, year one, spring, page 27; "The Second-Year Class Celebrates," primary pupil's book, year two, fall, page 17; "How the Disciples Helped," primary pupil's book, year three, winter, page 8; "Helpers Whose Names We Do Not Know," primary pupil's book, year three, winter, page 11; "Joy Out of Disappointment," junior pupil's book, year one, summer, page 5.

Prayer: Pray your own prayer, or use the one printed on this page, adapting it to your own situation, or use the one printed here: Dear God, we are glad for people. We are glad that people can work for you. Help us always to remember that people are important: important to you and your work in the world, and important to us. Amen.

Mrs. Maypole Solves Her Problem



by Rae Cross

Mrs. Maypole was the worryngest woman in all Cranberry County!

She lived in a little house with the twelve little Maypoles. Each time they sat down for a meal Mrs. Maypole counted noses. Sometimes she counted eleven. Sometimes she counted thirteen! She couldn't worry about it and get dinner, or breakfast, or supper at the same time. So she always put off her worrying until after all the little Maypoles were in bed. Then Mrs. Maypole put on her nightcap, got in bed, and settled down to worry.

That is, she always planned to worry. But Mrs. Maypole worked so hard each day—washing, ironing, sweeping, dusting, cooking, and washing dishes—that when she went to bed she was so tired she always went to sleep before she got her worrying done.

That really made it bad. "I should be worrying about not getting my worrying done," she sighed each morning when she got out of bed.

One morning at breakfast all the little Maypoles said, "People who live in big houses eat their

(Continued on page 28)



HOW SUSCEPTIBLE ARE WE?

My new carnation-pink sequin-spattered kitchen counter is the latest creation of the plastic planners. It and a gleaming white sink replace rotting maple and clogged drains. Our family conscience is 100 per cent clear about the need for the installation.

It was the plumber who suggested an additional improvement.

"This would be a good chance to put in a disposal unit. Get rid of all this garbage carrying"—he eyed the spring-top pail beside the stove. "It would soon pay for itself . . ."

We ordered a disposal unit.

A sensible gray counter might have satisfied me well, had not the plastic salesman said as he handed me a stack of samples, "There are some more at the office, just came in. A pink that the ladies are crazy about. . ."

Through the window of my writing den I espy another illustration of the power of suggestion, the impulse of imitation, the pull of fashion. Every child in the neighborhood is whirling a hula hoop around his middle. The rapidity with which this diversion has encompassed our nation's youngsters is a simple example of the conformity that rules our society. The store-bought red, blue, or yellow hoop is as far removed from the old wheel rim that we farm girls and boys of forty years ago propelled with a stick as today's world of television and perfumed magazine advertisements is from the telephoneless, kerosene-lit economy of the early 1900's.

Then families bought only the few foodstuffs, clothes, and furnishings that they could not produce themselves. A luxury like the new-fangled automobile caught on slowly. Each family decided for itself when it could afford a car—in the meantime walking or driving horses. To enforce such a restriction nowadays, father would have to buck, in addition

to the arguments of his wife and offspring, the pressures of spoken and printed advertising and the criticism of his neighbors. Invention, technical achievement, and growing production have thrust us into a cycle of earn-buy-consume. We are surrounded by appeals from producers extolling the superiority of endless toothpastes, cosmetics, detergents, cigarettes—"medically tested" and "scientifically proved"—all bargains that "you can't afford not to buy"!

The prevalent notion that name-brand products are best and that it pays to "buy from the biggest" extends even to college educations. The prestige of an Ivy League institution tempts many parents to strain their budget to enroll son or daughter a thousand miles from home when a junior college of state university near at hand might provide more happiness and satisfying achievement for the young person.

To explain our material indulgences, we resort to a variety of excuses: "Others are doing it"; "We owe it to ourselves and the children"; "The way things are now, you don't know what the future may bring"; "It's patriotic to buy"; "Nothing down three years to pay—we'll hardly miss the money."

A franker explanation would be: "We like fun, comfort, convenience, beauty." We need not feel ashamed of such an admission. None of us would wish to return to old-time discomforts. The rise in living standards through the years has owed much to the educational and promotional influence of communication via advertising. What most of us do not realize, however, is that within recent years that influence has gone far beyond enlightening us, thanks to "motivation research." In interviews and surveys psychologists and social scientists probe our emotions, likes and dislikes, habits, hopes, and ideals—

Colossal



EXOTIC



Terrific!



medically tested
scientifically proved
You can't afford not to buy!

Look Younger

the whys of our behavior. Their findings are used by skilled "ad" writers to make us think and want what they wish us to think and want. Thus a certain perfume or a tractor that was lagging in sales may suddenly forge into first place when a new appeal in color, slogan, or picture is directed at our human abilities or preferences as discerned in psychological studies.

We become the victims of manipulation and of impulse stimulation: The Hidden Persuaders, author Vance Packard labels them in a book by that title. He quotes an advertising executive as asserting, "What makes this country great is the creation of wants and desires, the creation of dissatisfaction with the old and outmoded." Toward that end, investigators have found that most of us have three points of vulnerability: the drive to conformity, the need for oral stimulation, and the yearning for security.

On such psychological hooks the bait is dangled: home freezers, for instance, giving us subconscious assurance of more food around than we can eat; air conditioners making us feel protected. Various appeals promise to fulfill other hidden needs: reassurance of worth, ego-gratification, creative outlets, love objects, sense of power, sense of roots, immortality. The following two examples selected from scores in the Packard book illustrate the immeasurable scope of influence of the "hidden persuaders."

Makers of the original cake mixes ran into difficulty by instructing housewives, "Do not add milk or eggs, just add water." Women had a poor opinion of a cake requiring only tap water. Those who insisted on adding milk as their creative touch blamed the manufacturer if cakes or muffins fell from too much calcium. Producers realized that they must give the woman at home something to do—"Add milk

and fresh eggs." Now she can feel like a conscientious housekeeper who isn't depriving her family entirely of her culinary creativity.

A certain brand of wine concentrated on selling a sense of roots, after researchers noted that people talking about wine related it to family-centered or festive occasions of the past. An advertising campaign was set to tie home and mother into its slogans: "The good old days—the home sweet home wine—the wine that grandma used to make." Sales doubled within a year.

What are the implications of such manipulative selling and compulsion spending for families who try to regard money as a trust from God, to be used not only for satisfying individual needs but for the advancement of human welfare through church, schools, and other public institutions? While billions of dollars are swallowed up in luxuries, think of the church educational wings that will not be built; the missionaries who will not be sent abroad; the mental patients who will languish in poorly staffed and equipped hospitals; the schoolteachers' salaries that will not be raised.

Are we, church members and workers, falling into the trap of thinking that three cars, four bathrooms, and innumerable gadgets make people truly happy? How do our pledges to the church budget compare with our expenditures for luxuries? Can our children see in our use of family money an emphasis on lasting intellectual, moral, and spiritual values?

Equally threatening to a Christian view of life is the effect of manipulation on individual personality and freedom. The unique worth and dignity of each human being is central in Christ's teachings. Conformity, on the other hand, is the intent of the pressure peddlers. Their methods are being seized upon by publicists, fund raisers, and politicians. In-

dustrial personnel experts are helping companies to staff their offices with administrators (and wives) molded in the employer's attitudes.

The willingness with which political parties can sell candidates as "images" should rouse Christian citizens of a democracy. We would do well to recall that the Nazis by mass psychology won to their support thousands of German Protestants and Catholics.

How are we as Christian families to meet the problems created by this rising trend in our economic and social existence, the "depth approach"?

First, we can inform and alert ourselves. (See list of books in Study Guide, page 30 of this magazine.) Once we are on guard to recognize the hidden persuaders, we can look both at ourselves and at the product offered and decide whether or not it is essen-

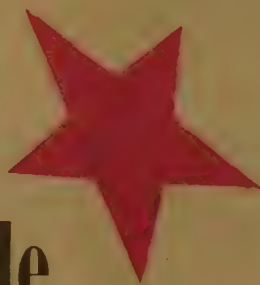
tial, or merely comforting, or pleasurable, to us. Let us remember that the advertiser's one aim is to sell. Trading stamps, prize drawings, "free gifts," and but inducements to part us from our dollars.

To insure the best return on our expenditures, we can follow the recommendations in Consumers Research bulletins. Analyses of various brands of equipment by impartial experts provide listings of best buys.

Further, we can protect our *ideas* by using our God-given intelligence to observe, study, and weigh public issues (relying for basic guidance on denominational publications and the nondenominational *Christian Century*). As informed citizens and voters we can do some persuading of others to support qualified candidates, appropriations for education

For "How Susceptible Are We?"

Study Guide



Purpose of Meeting

To help families become aware of subtle pressures being used by dispensers of ideas and products to make them think and want certain things: to guide parents in setting up standards, in keeping with the Christian ideal of stewardship, for distinguishing between real needs and falsely stimulated wants; and to suggest resources for informing themselves as Christian citizens and consumers.

Leader's Preparation

A poster bearing in black crayon the question, "Why Did You Buy It?" might be displayed to whet interest in the forthcoming discussion of family spending. "You'll find out at the parents' meeting. . . ." (hour, date, and place).

As leader of the session, you will study carefully the preceding article, "How Susceptible Are We?" Note that it falls into four parts around which you may organize presentation and discussion:

1. Introduction—the material emphasis in life today, facts, pressure to conformity. 2. The problem—the new element in propaganda and advertising,

"hidden persuaders" aimed at our subconscious. 3. Dangers in the situation. 4. Solutions for Christian families—how to face these dangers.

See that available issues of *Hearthstone* are passed around ahead of the meeting so that members of the group may read the study article.

Obtain a copy of *The Hidden Persuaders*, a fascinating revelation of advertising techniques. Either prepare yourself or assign someone else to cite illustrations from this book. Appoint another member, preferably one accustomed to using Consumer Research bulletins, to share with the group the advantages of relying on these bulletins for advice.

Clip advertisements that contain "hidden persuaders." List from commercials on radio and television some of the trademark phrases and slogans that have nothing to do with the quality of the product, such as "a thinking man's filter."

A blackboard will be useful for recording suggested spending standards.

Starting the Session

For a five-minute introduction of the theme, ask (in advance) a friend in the group (one whose humor and frankness

are dependable), "Mary, why did you buy that new carpet for your whole downstairs?" (or whatever the purchase may have been)?

Others probably will confess recent purchases of a power lawnmower "like their neighbors," an electric dishwasher to improve on their children's careless scraping, and a razor guaranteed to remove peach fuzz.

Establish the point that we are all susceptible to some extent to other than rational appeals.

Presenting the Problem

The article, "How Susceptible Are We?" will provide background information. A few sharp illustrations of "motivation research" applied, from *The Hidden Persuaders*, will lead naturally into buzz section discussions if you like.

For these, divide into groups of four to six persons each. Give each group several clipped advertisements. Allow ten minutes for members to uncover the hidden persuaders. Upon reassembly, one person from each group may report its findings. Encourage individuals to add other examples that come to mind.

Analyzing the Dangers

Consider questions challenging Christian families, from "How Susceptible Are We?" In *The Hidden Persuaders*, the final chapter on "The Question of Mortality" is excellent on this point.

Suggesting Solutions

1. Mention ways and sources for keeping informed to protect our freedom of mind and pocketbook.

2. Work out a statement of Christian stewardship as an over-all financial policy for Christian families.

3. List on the blackboard standards by which a Christian family might check its needs and purchases. For instance, "Would this expenditure contribute something vital to health, convenience,

(Continued on page 30)

gislation for peace.

As parents, we will endeavor to foster, with understanding and independent spirit, the underlying Christian ideal of stewardship of our time, effort, and money, for goals beyond our momentary enjoyment. The oldest of our four children was sixteen before we bought an automobile. They themselves voted with their father and me in family council to pay off the mortgage on our home before getting the car. Sue, Al, and Fran agreed further that baby brother, Don, was far more valuable than any automobile. We cannot recommend too highly the family council as a clearing center for making family decisions, apportioning responsibility, and cementing unity. We convened regularly for discussion of our affairs, introduced by an appropriate Bible

reading.

When we truly take our sons and daughters into our confidence, we find that some things we think we're "doing for the children" may not be what they truly want. The memories of satisfactions and pleasures that will sustain them when they are grown will be backyard picnics, a camping trip in a state park, an unpedigreed dog—not the glitter and glamour, for sale today with a bonus certificate!

As Don, now nineteen, was leaving the other day for his second year in university, he remarked, "I don't want you and Dad ever to sell this place. There are lots of nicer houses but I like this one best because I've lived here all my life." He hesitated. "Why, Mom, I even hated to see the old wooden cabinet top go for that fancy pink one!"

BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A One of the beasts in the den into which Daniel was thrown -----	31 105 112 39
B Hind part of the foot -----	100 10 116 37
C Number of the "Great Lakes" ---	110 30 94 50
D Kind of fish for a bowl -----	71 19 43 102
E Antlered animal -----	14 101 42 118
F Number of grades in grammar school -----	78 60 20 9 5
G Number of players on each side in a baseball game -----	75 38 48 107
H Ill-natured or cross -----	24 3 32 69 35 7
I Speedy planes -----	52 103 73 104
J Number of wheels on a sulky ---	99 88 109
K Place where cargo is stored in a ship -----	41 21 79 33
L To sound, as a bell -----	114 70 16 92
M Between yesterday and tomorrow -----	119 25 85 44 54
N Kind of rose which is the State flower of Iowa -----	34 74 11 46
O Imitation duck used to lure real ducks into a net -----	18 66 57 53 111
P Number of pieces of silver for which Judas betrayed Christ -----	1 77 89 2 61 26

Q We learn to do this in grammar school -----	106 56 15 67
R Pierre is the capital of this Dakota -----	55 80 113 63 72
S Direction to the left of a person facing east -----	51 27 81 40 115
T The fifth largest planet -----	68 117 59 8 86
U Chores or tasks we feel obliged to do -----	17 58 76 6 87 4
V Injury in which the skin is broken -----	29 12 98 45 49
W Quietly resentful, or sullen -----	108 28 90 65 62
X All by yourself -----	64 36 97 84 95
Y Place where butter and cheese are made -----	23 83 93 13 96
Z A great deal; very much -----	91 22 47 82

(Solution on page 30)

			1	2	3	4	5		6	7	
8	9	10		11	12	13	14		15	16	17
	18	19		20	21	22	23		24	25	
26	27	28		29	30	31	32		33	34	35
36	37		38	39		40	41	42		43	44
45	46		47	48	49		50	51	52	53	54
	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62		63	64
65	66		67	68	69	70	71	72	73		74
75		76	77	78		79	80	81	82		83
84	85		86	87		88	89	90	91		92
93	94	95		96	97	98		99	100	101	
102	103	104	105	106	107	108		109	110		111
112	113	114		115	116	117	118	119			

Having become bored with the daily routine of sameness in housekeeping, sewing proved to be a welcome avocation for Miniver. It paid off, too, in extra pin money.



Bureau of Industrial Service Inc.

WHEN WORKING WIVES RETURN TO THE FOLD

by Dorothy Gray Smith

Each day thousands of working wives and mothers return to the fold, rejoicing at release from the daily grind. Yet, a vast majority soon find themselves confronted with boredom of household routine, and with a yen for that extra dollar which has been providing a status of independence.

Miniver Martin was no exception. It was no longer a question of her husband keeping her in the style to which she had become accustomed, but rather her becoming accustomed to the style in which he could

keep her.

The first few weeks were a breeze, catching up on all the long overdue chores which had, for so long, been a source of annoyance. And there was that luxurious afternoon nap, snatched before dad and the boys got home. Life began to bloom anew.

And then, for no apparent reason, a void set in—something seemed to be missing. It was boredom rearing its ugly head—Miniver was in the first stage of the well-known doldrums.

Are you bogged down with boredom of household routine? Here's how Miniver, Celeste, and Janet met this problem.

That luscious pink dress which languished so intently in a store window didn't help. Miniver ought of dipping gently into the household funds, at the wave of guilt that crept over her was like a sharp rap across her knuckles. She thought of retreating to childhood tactics with a beseeching, "Daddy, can you spare a dime?" From any angle was disgruntling, especially when she glanced longly at the formerly well-laden purse which could no longer supply her demands.

Taking stock of bygone clerical years, she recalled her ecstasy at the thought of being able to stay home and take care of her family. Already her beautiful dream was turning into a nightmare. *Of course, she thought, she should have anticipated this moment, but how was she to know?* She struggled to cast off the feeling of resentment that was consuming her, chewed-off what was left of her fingernails, and debated what to do about it.

Over the backyard fence she gave vent to her feelings. "I'm dying a slow and torturous death," she complained bitterly, "volumes of tedious work, with no pay."

Her neighbor grinned and nodded. "Housework is that way," she said, "I know—I went through the same thing."

It was then that Miniver found out what she could do about it.

"The answer is a hobby," her neighbor said, "an interesting one. While you're at it, you may as well choose one that can be converted into some semblance of spending money. Like sewing, for instance."

Miniver thought of the new zigzag machine she had bought last year. She had always intended doing something substantial about the \$300.00 she had paid for it, but somehow she had not worked around to it. There were free sewing lessons; she decided to take advantage of them.

With her aptitude for learning, Miniver was soon making two well-tailored shirts for the price of one—Pop and the boys had never had it so good. Also, the difference in cost between yardage and ready-made garments was allowing a nice margin of profit. The result was distinctive gowns for Miniver which made the pink one seem less luscious.

Friends and neighbors admired her handiwork until she promised to share her talents and so, from the fruit of a sewing machine, came her first pin money.

As a lull for the creative gathered momentum Miniver found herself scanning the interior of her home with renewed interest. Visions of new drapes danced through her head; a colorful, more modern cover for the overstuffed chair—or better yet, a complete restyling.

"This is fun," she told Pop, taking time out to observe her fingernails were growing out again.

"So now you are an interior decorator," he teased.

She noted the pride in his voice. "It's a family project," she grinned, "and in case you don't already know it, you're going to do the restyling—I'll make the covers. The boys can help, too, by being tack-herders and fabric-stretchers."

Results were so gratifying that a long series of "Oh's" and "Ah's" fell upon Miniver's receptive ears. And then, as a further reward, she found herself being asked to help with the redecorating problems of others, an avocation which eventually led to extra money.

Miniver was walking on clouds. It was like having her cake and eating it, too. The old feeling of independence was returning. No longer were household chores a boring ordeal, for all the while she skipped through them, a hundred creative ideas rolled through her eager mind.

Another restless homemaker was Celeste Dupree, whose artistic temperament found housework a dull substitute for the glamour of former modeling years. When she threatened to return to work there were harsh protests. Yet, pent up emotions continued to cry out for release.

It was while browsing through the chinaware of a department store that she found the answer to her problem. The ceramics caught her attention, and held. Some, she observed, were beautiful in color and graceful in design; others, gaudy and bulky. She thought of her own nimble fingers, and her flair for the creative. She would, she concluded, find release for her artistic talents through ceramics.

She looked up the buyer. "The public is always on the prowl for the unusual," he said encouragingly. "If you can produce it, we would be interested in your output."

It wasn't easy getting started. There were tools, clay, and a bake oven to buy, and lessons to take. However, it was a challenge, and Celeste was inspired. By skimping a little here, and a little there, she finally managed.

After a short trial-and-error apprenticeship, she began to sell, for into each of her original designs went a wee bit of her heart.

It was while delivering ceramics that her ever-roving eyes chanced upon an attractive display of artificial flowers, and this field began to beckon.

It tied in nicely with her already developed techniques and, with a few lessons, Celeste found the mastering of this art comparatively easy.

The house began to bulge with a colorful array of posies of all shapes and sizes, as she took on the floral servicing of a restaurant and several medical offices.

Celeste had not only found the means to a steady flow of pin money, but she no longer had time to fret over the droll monotony of housework. Instead, she found herself hurrying through her chores with

(Continued on page 30)

SCARED!

(Continued from page 10)

"What you-all mean, yellin' 'wait'?" she demanded, "You wants us should get killed?"

Tugging desperately at the restraining hand Elaine jumped up and down, sobbing "My Billy-boy's gettin' all runned over! Bill—"

"Wait a minute, youngun," said a deep voice right above her and she stopped, mid-breath, to look up at a white man, "I'll get your doll baby."

She watched him, fascinated, as he darted through the first line of traffic, paused, then into the second and picked up the flimsy toy. Sprinting back he dusted it lightly against a trouser leg. "Here it is, good as ever!" he grinned as she hugged it against her neck with her free hand. Even so she managed a curtsy of sorts, murmuring shyly, "Thank ye, sir, thank ye kindly."

"Okay, youngun!" and giving a pig-tail a brief tweak he hurried off. Mis' Liz tardily released her hand and lumbered along, Elaine tripping lightly beside her, her face shining, humming a bit under her breath. Panting up the steps the old woman demanded, "What you all set up about?"

"I dunno," almost caroled the child. She couldn't say, right out loud, that she wasn't scared, any more, a-tall, could she?

She just skipped by Mis' Liz and ran on into the big school building.

Mrs. Maypole Solves Her Problem

(Continued from page 21)

dessert first."

"My, my, you don't say." Mrs. Maypole looked around at all the little Maypoles. Each little head nodded "Yes."

"It does seem odd," said Mrs. Maypole. "But even if we can't live in a big house I guess we could eat like they do."

All the little Maypoles clapped their hands. "Goody, goody," they cried.

So when Mrs. Maypole got dinner that day she put a big chocolate cake and a bowl of peaches on the table first. All the little Maypoles ate and ate. "Now we will have our meat and our potatoes and vegetables," said Mrs. Maypole when every crumb of the cake and every drop of peach juice was gone.

"I'm full," said one little Maypole. "Me too," echoed all the other little Maypoles as they jumped down from the table and ran out to play.

Mrs. Maypole sat looking at the meat, potatoes, and vegetables. "It doesn't seem right some way," she said as she gathered up the dirty dessert dishes.

At supper time she put a big tray of strawberry shortcake on the table. "Oh, boy," cried all the little Maypoles. And they ate and ate until it was all gone.

"And now you must eat your meat, potatoes, and vegetables," said Mrs.

Maypole.

"We don't want any," said all the little Maypoles, and they ran off to watch television.

"I must really stay awake and worry tonight," said Mrs. Maypole. "Something's wrong with eating this way."

But Mrs. Maypole barely got on her night cap and into bed before she was sound asleep. "I'm not going to worry about our meals any more," she said when she woke up. "I'm just going to fix our meals like I always did."

When all the little Maypoles gathered around the breakfast table they looked very unhappy.

"I thought we were going to have dessert," cried one little Maypole. "Me too," howled all the other little Maypoles.

"From now on you aren't going to have any dessert at all unless you eat your meat, potatoes, and vegetables," said Mrs. Maypole firmly.

Each little Maypole picked up a spoon and began to eat the nice hot oatmeal.

"I solved that problem without worrying," laughed Mrs. Maypole to herself as she gathered up the empty egg dishes, the empty bacon dishes, and the empty toast dishes.

That afternoon all the little Maypoles came in looking very solemn. Each one held something behind his or her back.

"Stand up here in a row," said Mrs. Maypole, "and then let's see those report cards you are hiding."

Twelve hands held out twelve report cards.

"I never was so ashamed," fussed Mrs. Maypole. "Not a good mark on any one of these cards."

All the little Maypoles dropped their heads.

"From now on," snapped Mrs. Maypole, "none of you can look at television until all your lessons are done. Now get your books and papers and pencils."

All the little Maypoles looked at Mrs. Maypole in surprise. She didn't do things any more like she used to!

Mrs. Maypole was real proud of herself. "I didn't worry about that either," she said. "I just told them what to do. Just think, today is almost gone, and I don't have a thing on my worry list yet."

Next morning at breakfast one of the little Maypoles said, "The boys and girls who live in big houses all get a dollar a week to spend. I want a dollar, too."

"Me, too," piped up all the other little Maypoles.

Right off Mrs. Maypole started to think how she would worry about it that night. But then she thought how she had been getting along all right without worrying. Almost in the same breath she said, "I'll give each of you something every week . . . something you should have had a long time ago."

All the little Maypoles looked real excited. "What are you going to give us?" they cried.

"A job," said Mrs. Maypole real

firmly.

"You mean we have to work?" cried one little Maypole. "I don't want to work."

"Me neither," chimed in all the other little Maypoles.

"Work won't hurt you a bit," said Mrs. Maypole. "I will have a list of chores all made out for you this noon."

"Do we get a dollar?" asked one little Maypole.

"We want a dollar," chorused all the other little Maypoles.

"I'll give each of you a quarter if you do your work well, and, I'll give you something if you don't do it, too."

The twelve little Maypoles picked up their books and started to school. "I don't understand Mother anymore," said one.

"Me neither," said another. "She used to just worry about what she would have us do."

"And now," interrupted another "she just goes ahead and tells us to do it."

"It's nicer this way," said all the little Maypoles.

Mrs. Maypole sat down and rocked and rocked. "I won't have to work so hard now," she smiled. "Twelve little Maypoles can be a lot of help." Suddenly she started to laugh. "Here it is almost half the day gone and I haven't even thought about worrying. The little Maypoles had a good hot breakfast they studied their lessons and they are learning that they must work to have money. Moreover, they are well and happy. Why should I worry?"

And Mrs. Maypole just rocked, and rocked, and rocked, and rocked!

No Longer Strangers

(Continued from page 13)

these efforts is a good system of communication between teen-ager and parent. They will be in vital contact with one another; they will have a way of knowing one another, exchanging ideas and influencing one another.

The parent who tries to set up such a system of communication in the hope that it will give him a new and better way of directing his teen-agers, a sort of educational adaptation of subliminal advertising, is inviting a case of galloping frustration. The system is supposed to be based on mutual respect and readiness to learn. Any less worthy motives will betray themselves to perceptive adolescents.

On the other hand, when a parent's relations with his teen-agers are genuinely receptive and appreciative, he will see that his sons and daughters are ready to place the highest value on his judgment and experience. And here he will find the most frightening challenge in parenthood. He will be inviting his children to love and respect him—but he must, working with God, make himself worthy of that love and respect.



Family Counselor

I am the stepmother of two young youngsters aged ten and twelve. They love me as their real mother, as I love them. My own child, eleven months old, has helped to lessen our adjustment, as they adore their baby brother. However, since raising children is new to me, I have several problems I don't know how to handle. Bill, the eldest, is a very lazy child. His dad and I have to repeat his daily chores to him constantly, and practically stand over him to have them done. Neither of us feel we ask too much of him, and make allowances for the fact that he has a paper route.

My husband feels the only way to punish him is by spankings. We've tried reasoning with him, which hasn't worked either. We have tried denying him the privilege of doing something he has planned on, which has worked at times.

Nancy, aged ten, is a wonderful little helper and a blessing as a baby sitter. In wanting to be accepted by the other children, she has become very envious. It is difficult for her to understand that her daddy and I have only been married three years and are unable to have the many things her playmates' parents have. I have never been an affectionate person, and although I have no difficulty in expressing outward affection toward the baby, I can't bring myself to do so with the older children.

Both Bill and Nancy constantly argue. They are unable to work or play together, and I am constantly upset by their trivial pats. Friends have told me I am trying too hard, and not acting natural. I might add that I have tried to express interest in their

school and club work, taking in such activities as I'm able with the baby. Due to my husband's demanding work schedule, he is home very seldom and working out harmony at home has been left mostly up to me.

A. I do not know of course, whether your friends are right in feeling that you are trying too hard to be a good parent. If you feel that you tend to worry too much, remember that even though you may make some mistakes—and you will—your children will not be harmed, particularly if they at the same times know that you really love and accept them.

You may have lifted up a real problem in your comment that you can express your affection outwardly for the baby, but have difficulty in doing so for the older children. Bill and Nancy may begin to wonder if you really care for them. To be sure, the way in which you express affection for older children will not be the same as for the baby, but it is essential that they have some outward manifestation of how much you care for them. Make a special effort, to let them know that you care for them.

Remember that it would be unusual ten- and twelve-year-olds who did not do some arguing and bickering in the home. This is part of the process of growing up. It will not be easy to accept these quarrels as a part of normal family life, but change your mental attitude so they will not disturb you as much as they evidently do.

You may be able to reduce the amount of bickering if you see to

it that Bill and Nancy are not together too much. Be sure, furthermore, that as a rule their family chores do not bring them together. Help them develop interests or hobbies that not only do not conflict and that perhaps tend to separate them part of the time, but that also may lead them to be of more interest to each other.

Many twelve-year-old boys are lazy, some of the laziness being due to the physical growth that is taking place. With respect to Bill's chores, I am wondering if he has had a part in deciding what they are to be. Boys should have some part in deciding what their home responsibilities are to be and are much more likely to carry them out if they do select them themselves.

Evidently spanking is not effective punishment with Bill, so why not eliminate that method. It is especially undesirable if the father is away from home most of the time, as Bill may learn to think of his father primarily as one who scolds and spansks him. Try to help him think through the problems you face and to co-operate with you in trying to solve them.

Evidently Nancy has a special need of your love, patience, and understanding. Does she have any potential skills or interests that can be developed—in games or in hobbies, for example—that will make her more acceptable to her peers?

Make your place one where her friends can come and have a good time. You may even want to talk with her schoolteachers to get suggestions from them as to what you can do to help her feel more accepted by those of her own age.

Donald M. Maynard

A Mother Looks at Integration

(Continued from page 5)

Clayton, son of a Nisei-Japanese who died in World War II; Nigel, whose parents lived through the bombing of London; Gloria, whose grandmother still speaks the patois of the Pyrenees-Basques. And I wonder; is it not we adults who have sponsored the ridiculous bigotry of the past and the present?

From my children I have learned how to shake hands with the darker races without flinching. As a child, I had listened to the insidious and careless talk of the ignorant and shuddered to think that the "black would rub off." I have thrilled to the singing of Negro choirs, whose enthusiastic foot-tapping rendition of spirituals carries me right to the Golden Gate. I have been moved by the oratory of an American Indian; and I have been humbled by the sublime courage of a small Chinese boy fleeing Communist-threatened Canton on the first leg of a journey to the States.

After a childhood spent in a state where all Negro men were addressed as George, regardless of their Christian names, and Negro women were always known by their first names only, I mark with pride and humility the respect with which my sons address ebony-hued Mr. Barnes or sloe-eyed Mrs. Osaka.

I am glad that my adopted state raises no bar to travel via the infamous Jim Crow cars that I remember, that public conveyances are not divided by placards bearing the word "White" on one side, and on the other, "Colored."

When a high school band marches in review, I no longer think it odd that some faces are black, brown, or yellow; rather I would find in the absence of the racial colorings a drab and colorless assemblage. On shopping trips I have stopped to admire winsome, yellow-skinned babies and equally handsome black infants with sparkling shoe-button eyes. I am glad that my eyes have been opened and that I now see how beautiful God's children are. Truly He hath made all things beautiful in His time.

I have learned that children are truly democratic—until we parents interfere. They see below the surface embellishments and grasp the core of genuine worth. If we do not tamper with their sense of rightness, our children may build a wonderful world for us—a world in which the twain shall meet on the common ground of brotherhood.

STUDY GUIDE

(Continued from page 24)

or pleasure? Will it provide lasting value?"

4. Call for experiences of any members in using the family council.

5. Consider the long-term benefits that can result from money spent on church work. For instance: An addition is built to a church plant. More people will attend and gain from the church's

ministry. The enlarged building and membership strengthen economy by providing livelihood for more staff; create a demand for more furnishings, equipment, fuel, and so on. Whereas a bottle of whiskey or a package of cigarettes is gone with one consumption, the investment in the church goes on improving the emotional and moral life of society for generations. Even on a dollar and cent basis, the better people who result from church influence increase in economic value to society.

Conclusion: Thus it is both Christian and patriotic to invest in lasting values.

Closing With Scripture

Appropriate passages: Matthew 6:19-21, 25-33; 16:24-26a.

Reading Resources

The Hidden Persuaders, by Vance Packard, David McKay Company, Inc., New York, 1957, \$4.

The Family in a Money World, by Frances L. Feldman, Family Service Association, 1957, \$2.50.

The Organization Man, by William H. Whyte, Jr., Simon and Schuster, 1956, \$5.

Consumers Research Bulletins (Washington, N. J.).

When Working Wives Return to the Fold

(Continued from page 27)

a light heart, and an artistic touch, anxious to get back to her chosen work.

Janet Lee, a former secretary, suffered from the same symptoms as Miniver and Celeste. "It's the same old thing, day in and day out," she complained, "I'm about to go crazy with boredom." Then came the irrepressible urge to put to good use the working knowledge of English she had gleaned through secretarial years.

Beginning with simple fillers, she soon found that writing reached out like the tentacles of an octopus to enfold her hobbies, her home, her children, her joys and sorrows, her short-cuts and inventions, and her travels—all were potentials for extra dollars and mental release.

The stenographic notebook and shorthand, which had been such an integral part of her former years, came into their own again, always ready for the jotting down of a constructive thought.

It was not unusual for Janet's dishes to paddle around in their own suds while she did her duty by a brilliant idea before it floated off on the morning breeze. Bit by bit the notes accumulated and evolved into pin money.

They were now able to replace the well-worn tent with a new travel trailer and, with this convenient mode of travel, Janet's attentions turned more and more to the open road and fishing, all of which was a direct route to photography

and a nice writing combination.

Best of all, it was something in which the entire family participated. While Janet logged routes, catalogued pictures and jotted down pertinent information everyone was having a lark, each with his own camera.

Because it was not only cheaper but more satisfactory to develop and print the 8 by 10 inch glossy prints that accompanied many of Janet's articles, another hobby was born—the darkroom.

Dad came to the fore in all his glory here and never was there a prouder day than that on which he opened the pages of a magazine to see, staring back at him, reproductions of his very own photos, neatly set up beside Janet's manuscript. And the small fry were pleased as punch to see their own smiling faces adding human interest to the shot.

Between trips Janet clicks out a stack on her typewriter, and continues to look forward. Some day she thinks she might even write a book. On the few occasions she has taken time out for a brief backward glance, she has berated herself for not having had enough foresight to have anticipated it all before returning to the fold.

Janet, like Miniver and Celeste, has found that in today's world there is an endless vista of horizons waiting to be conquered.

Inspiration may come through the upturned face of a budding rose, in browsing through a department store, or in communing with nature in the great outdoors. All these, and many more, are potential pots of gold, waiting over the bend of a colorful, hobby rainbow.


Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 25)

SOLUTION: "Trust in the LORD and do good; so you will dwell in the land, and enjoy security. Take delight in the LORD, and he will give you the desires of your heart." (Psalm 37:3-4).

The Words

A Lion	N Wild
B Heel	O Decey
C Five	P Thirty
D Gold	Q Read
E Deer	R South
F Eight	S North
G Nine	T Earth
H Sullen	U Duties
I Jets	V Wound
J Two	W Sulky
K Hold	X Alone
L Ring	Y Dairy
M Today	Z Load



BOOKS for the hearthside

For Adults

If you love the great outdoors, either which to ramble or to read about, you'll enjoy **Outdoor Rambles**, by Stuart L. Thompson (Longmans, Green and Co., New York, 1958, 147 pages, \$3.50). The author, widely known in Canada as an amateur-professional naturalist, writes out of over sixty years' devotion to a hobby in which he has worked as hard as most men in their professions. He describes for you the sights and sounds of the world of nature so vividly and so simply that reading about it is almost as good as taking a woodland ramble yourself. He lets you in on many of the little secrets of plant and animal life that he has discovered in his rambles. He has a good background for his life and his book, being the nephew of Ernest Thompson Seton. The book is well illustrated with many drawings by Geoffrey Goss.

Most married people are interested in making a **Success in Marriage**, by David R. Mace (Abingdon Press, Nashville, 1958, 158 pages, \$2.95). Here is a book by an internationally known marriage counselor that has many wise suggestions for such persons. In four sections he deals successfully with **Five Basic Principles**, a discussion of what it takes to make a success of marriage; **Five Major Adjustments**, areas where the five basic principles need to be applied; **Five Difficult Partners**, the rigid wife, the silent husband, the nagging wife, the unfaithful husband, and the aging wife (what? no aging husband?); and **Five Perplexing Problems**, jealousy, religious differences, wandering affections, childlessness, and drifting apart. This is a good book to give to newly weds and for older weds to read as well. Every church library should have it.

A fascinating phase of the life of our Civil War President is told in **Lincoln Finds God**, by Ralph G. Lind-

strom (Longmans, Green, and Co., New York, 1958, 120 pages, \$3). As a lifelong student of Abraham Lincoln the author examines all the evidence he can unearth regarding his religious thinking and attitudes. There is no question but that Lincoln was at one time an intellectual skeptic who was unsatisfied with the rational approach to existence. This was a reaction to the understanding of God which came out of the backwoods religion of his youth. In later years, however, Lincoln came to a deeply religious faith even though he would not accept any doctrinal formulations or commit himself to church membership. Here is interesting reading that will lead to further research by many readers.

For Young People

Of special interest to older children and young teens will be Ruth Cromer Weir's biography of **John Paul Jones of the U. S. Navy** (Abingdon Press, 1958, 128 pages, \$1.75). John Paul gets his first training at sea serving as the ship's boy; duties including scrubbing the deck. Finally, he serves in the king's navy, becomes captain of a ship, mutiny arises from the crew, there are numerous sea battles including the famous three-and-one-half-hour battle of the "Richard" versus the "Serapis." It was during this fight that he pronounced the renowned statement: "No, sir, I have not yet begun to fight!" Touches of Scottish brogue enhance the adventurous story of John Paul Jones. Captivating illustrations are provided by Edward Sherton.

The K-House Mystery (David McKay Company, Inc., 1958, 156 pages, \$2.75), by Grace Trobaugh Hay, is a moving family-centered story concerning the old Keane house in which the Easterlys live. Imagine living in a house where everything is marked with the letter

K, including shrubbery in the garden! Finding out why the K, and where Miss Amy's two hundred thousand dollars and diamonds are, becomes a tense quest for the family—a deep, dark mystery. Young teens will enjoy the baffling story of the K-House. The spooky illustrations are drawn by Jean Porter.

For Children

Children love rhythm and rhythmic sounds. Poetry, therefore, may become pure joy to a child, especially when it is the kind found in **A Little Laughter**, compiled by Katherine Love (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 1957, 114 pages, \$2.50). The poems in this collection include old favorites by well-known poets, as well as modern authors. The poems are about everyday events, fantastic scenes, humorous ones. This is the kind of book that children may read for themselves or that adults, who enjoy reading aloud to children, may use.

Boys and girls who are eight to twelve and who are interested in famous men will appreciate **William Colgate, Yeoman of Kent**, by Saxon Rowe Carver (Broadman Press, 1957, 216 pages, \$2.00). The story begins in England when William's father, Robert, was master of Filston Hall. He was outspoken in his criticism of King George III. Branded a traitor, he had only a week to escape from the country. So the family sailed to America. As William grew older he was apprenticed to a soap maker. He thoroughly despised his job! William learned fast; he had certain Christian principles to which he clung, and he applied them to his job. He became not only the founder of the Colgate industries, but one of the best-known and best-loved men in New York. The illustrations by Kurt Wiese, well-known illustrator of children's books, add much to the story.

OVER THE BACK FENCE

Family Life in the Future

Paul Popenoe, director of the American Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles, writes his views on family life developments and trends in the next twenty-five years in his monthly *Family Life* bulletin. He believes that there are forces at work which, if supported, will result in better family life.

Times of prosperity will result in earlier and more frequent marriages, more children, more divorces, and more delinquents. The last twelve years witness to that fact.

In depressed times, the marriage rate slows down as does the divorce rate and the birth rate. Juvenile delinquency decreases because of closer parental supervision and less money for undesirable leisure activities and alcoholic beverages.

Mixed marriages between persons of different religious affiliations will probably continue to increase. Although such marriages break up unhappily and too easily, Popenoe believes that studies show that marriage is likely to be more successful where religion plays some part, even in mixed marriages.

A trend toward a better distribution of parental responsibility is discernible. More and more fathers are being given the chance to be fathers, not just assistant mothers, doing half of the housework. The latter situation is harmful to both children and parents.

Popenoe believes that parents are increasing their ability to exercise proper discipline—helping children use more self-control and to practice more teamwork.

There is a growing understanding of the in-law problem. Mothers-in-law probably break up more marriages in the first year of their son's or daughter's marriage than that of any other single influence.

After twenty years of marriage alcoholism is the largest offender in breaking up homes.

Marriage education in schools, colleges, and churches is increasing, and should lead to more stabilized family life. It will give better foundation for choosing mate than romantic love, a largely infantile and harmful illusion. Such a program in two high schools recently resulted in a 50 per cent reduction in illegitimate pregnancies in those schools.

It will be the purpose of *Hearthstone* to endeavor to provide strong support for every constructive force listed above. Churches have a vital stake in providing their families with all the guidance possible. As go the homes so, in the long run, will go the churches.

Fathers and Juvenile Delinquency

What is the cause of juvenile delinquency among youth? Of course the answer is not simple; there are probably a great many causes operating in every individual situation. However, many different studies have indicated that one significant cause is to be found in this conclusion by a British study reported in the *British Journal of Delinquency*. "Delinquent were found to be suffering more from paternal rejection than from maternal deprivation."

This simply means that most delinquent children give evidence that their fathers, when they have fathers still in the home, fail to show real love and affection for them. Most parents of delinquent did not show outward affection but fathers were the worst offenders in this respect.

R. G. Andry, who reported this study, concluded that the importance of mother love has been relatively overemphasized in discussing the formation of personality and that the role of the father, as a dispenser not merely of authority but of love and security, has been left out of focus.

The church can play a significant role in helping fathers understand their great responsibility in meeting this great need in their children.

Poetry Page

CRITERION

by Ina S. Stovall

Of all the Valentines she's had
She never got another
Whose coming made her half so
glad

As this be-crayoned, mussy one

That bears the signature *YOUR SON*

And says: *I LOVE YOU MOTHER*

Mildred Fielder



thunder hole

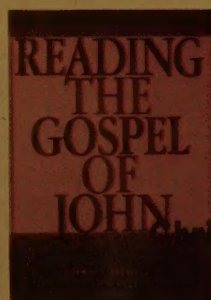
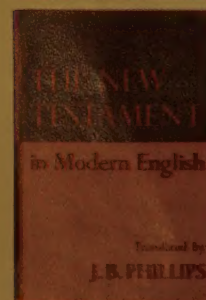
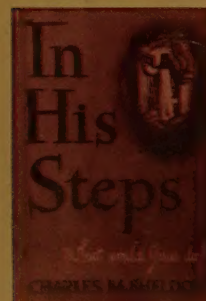
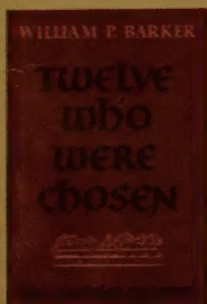
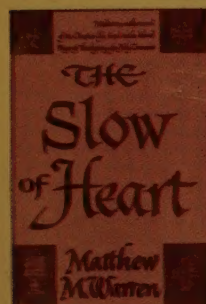
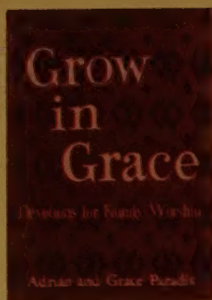
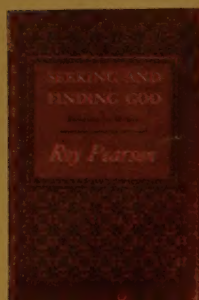
by Mildred Fielder

Thunder Hole, on the Maine coast in Acadia National Park.

With a roar and a hurry and swishing of foam
The ocean rolled into the cove down below
And cracked like the thunder of doom reaching
home,
Then it settled its waters and offered to go,
But before it could make up its mind—once
again
It rushed and it boiled and it boomed in its
pen.

We were there. We were four who were watching
the sea
And we shook with the crags when the ocean
came in
With its thundering anger to suddenly be,
At the end of a passage where it should begin.
We watched, and we shuddered. The frustrated
roar
Was the sound we would make . . . and we listened
some more.

as we approach the sacred season of **EASTER**



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